

PS 3511
.R62 P6
1899
Copy 1



POEMS,

ANECDOTES

AND
ANECDOTES

STORIES,

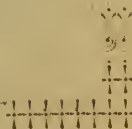
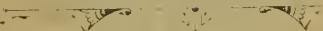
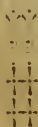


BY

WILLIAM W. FRESHWATER.



It matters not how much you make,
When you get old and have no stake;
Better save and put away,
A little for a rainy day;
Better stint while young and strong,
And save up some as you go 'long;
Life's not well played on this old stage,
When poverty grows on with age.



POEMS, ANECDOTES

—AND—

STORIES,

BY

WILLIAM W. FRESHWATER.

VOLUME I.

TWO COPIES RECEIVED

Library of Congress
Office of the

JAN 15 1900

Register of Copyrights

Dec. 26, 1899

83384²

*Sent to order
division*

NOV 5 1900

*PS3511
.R62 P6
1899*

PREFACE.

We offer to the public our little book of "Poems, Anecdotes and Stories," selected from our MSS, which fairly represents our different kinds of composition. We hope our little pioneer will please the fun-loving, and satisfy the sentimental.

Our works will be issued in five small volumes, published about three months apart. We have tried to sprinkle a few flowers—plant a few lights, and create a few smiles and laughs for men as they journey through life.

THE AUTHOR.

PRICES.

One copy.....20 cts.
Six copies.....\$1.00

One-cent postage stamps will
be accepted to the amount of 20c.

Larger orders may be accom-
panied by P. O. order, Express
order, or draft.

Liberal terms to dealers.

Address all orders to

W. W. FRESHWATER,
Benton, Franklin Co., Ill.

 Write your address plainly, giving
P. O., county and state.

POEMS, ANECDOTES

—AND—

STORIES.

CALL OF THE MUSE.

O thou my Muse, come at my call!
Whither thou art if thou shouldst fall,
From a darkling star, or the silvery moon,
Or a comet that flames at night's high noon;
Or a purple and fiery planet near,
Or the blazing sun in a sunset sky,
Or a falling star from a home on high.
Come if you please on a zephyrus breeze,
Come from your home in the deep ether seas;

Oil my harp with aurora fire,
And give it great wings that never tire;
Give me a bow of bright red lightning,
Shape it up so it is easy of tightening,
And loosening, then it will do,
To sound o'er the earth, and up in the blue,
The boundless and endless great ocean
of stars,
With planets and moons, grand planets
with bars.

Then let me sit on the white milky-way,
And play on my harp all night and all day;
Until my loud song echoes from the rim
Of the universe a consonant hymn,
Sung for a time of six-thousand years,
By angels and men and musical spheres.

If you love my muse, caress her;

If you do not, don't depress her.

ANSWER OF THE MUSE.

I came at your call from the Pleiades;
I came on the wings of an eastern breeze;
I came in a flame from my distant home,
I came by the way of your starry dome.
I saw to my right in the distance afar,
A gorgeous, beautiful long trained star.

Bright meteors latticed my untrod way,
And I passed by stars of a purple ray.
I stopped by your sun, that grand burning
world,

Most brilliant of all, his banners unfurled,
His banners of light in cloud-like form,
Great oceans of clouds by tempests torn.
I looked in his caverns and each great abyss,
Shot long forked flames with a terrible hiss,
Great white flames that glimmered and rose,
And set off each cavern like leaves on a rose;
I then moved about in a zigzag way,
Avoiding darkness and seeking day.
Then flew along by the zodiac,
And carried my keys in a golden sack;
The first is a diamond, 'tis kept to unlock
The poor human heart, and invoice its stock;
And then I have keys, a thousand or more,
To unlock the cells where dwell the best
store.

There's music, sweet music the heart of all
things,
How gently it rides on the wind's gentle wings!
And yet oft it flows from its fountain unheard,
And dies uncaressed like a beautiful bird;

Like a beautiful bird in a deep forest wild,
In its dear mother's arms, the beautiful child.
I'll sit by your side in my magnetic chair,
And paint up the cloudlets that ride in the air,
And plait up the lightning, and oft touch the key,
To the heart of all beauties on land and on sea;
The forces that playfully travel through earth,
And other great forces that somewhere find birth,
Away on beyond the borders of mind,
We know they are with us, and yet we are blind.
I'm ready now with harp and lyre;
I'm ready with magnetic fire.



THE CYCLONE.

Our home was in a prairie wide,
Our happiness was centered there,
Our buildings on a green divide—
We reared them on the prairie bare.

Our maple trees were in full leaf,
Our house was painted snowy white;
The barn in red and white relief,
And all was on a pretty site.

Our orchard trees were large and fine,
Red apple, peach, blue plum and pear,
Selected best, each in its line,
And many other fruits quite rare.

The hedges held in long green arms
Our squares of land, 'twas very fair;
The yard had many flower charms,
By my wife's loving hands put there.

A stalwart morning-glory vine,
Was starting up, and o'er the door
To bloom, the lattice work entwine,
As it had done in years before.

'Twas only a few days ago,
We heard the deep-toned thunder roll,
And saw the lightning flame and glow
Athwart the sky from pole to pole.

I felt the weakness of a child
In finding words to speak—to name—
The watery elements were so wild,
And blackest darkness went and came.

At intervals of light, could see,
The angry clouds swing to and fro;
We counseled, was it best to flee,
But knew of no safe place to go.

Its color was a greenish blue;
The sullen, deepening, awful roar,
Loud and louder nearer drew—
Nearer, deadlier than before.

We saw not far a funnel cloud,
Whose end was dragging on the earth,

Uprooting forest monarchs proud,
And leaving in its path a dearth.

Electric meteors shot across
And all around, and left a trail
Of coiling smoke, electric dross,
Wild twisted by the whirling gale.

Extremes of power centered there,
Forces and elements combined —
'Twas electricity and air,
By some mysterious power confined.

The seething funnel roared so loud,
Sullen like a storm-tossed sea,
Through a grove of poplars proud,
Leaving not a signal tree.

On and on it nearer drew,
Leaving naught the land to grace;
The fitful winds increasing blew,
In there onward hurried race.

Our little boys were fast asleep,
The tears rose in my wife's sad eyes.
We prayed that it would o'er us leap,
And spend its venom in the skies.

A sudden shock, and all was o'er;
Our home was gone, my loving wife,
The jewel of my bosom sore,
Was ushered wildly from this life.

The wild cyclone swept by in ire,
Its arms extending to the sky;
Its center seemed to be on fire,
Dark, swinging from a hinge on high.

My little children, too are dead;
When found they were as cold as clay;
All mangled was the elder's head,
And neither found till break of day,

Away off in a lonely wood,
They were together, yet apart;
All around and o'er them stood
All Nature with a broken heart.

A mass of ruins scattered lay;
Leafless and branchless are the trees.
I have no home, I cannot stay
Where once was joy on every breeze.

And now I'm left alone, and now
I see the dreadful path, and there
My hopes are buried; sad is my brow—
I have no home, none anywhere.

THE ARKANSAW SOW.

There lived in Missouri an old black sow,
Who was notorious for using her plow;
Had long stiff bristles from foretop to tail,
That arose with a wrath like a West India gale;

A long coat of hair and a mighty long tail,
That she walloped about like a farmer a flail;
A long slender snout, strong teeth of great size,
Down deep in their sockets two devilish eyes.

She lived a life lonely in Croked Creek woods,
Partaking of acorns and other fine goods,
And oft killed a fox-hound in putting in time,
And said by her actions: "This forest is mine."

A many a bad boy she chased up a tree,
And figured in many a hogish spree,
She's large and bony and of great strength,
And when in a battle she went full length.

She raised a fine brood now and then with great care,
And then was as mean as a hungry old bear;
With hair all turned forward she'd go for a cow,
And scare her in spasms, or have a big row.

She was with wild courage crammed every inch full,
Often would tackle a roving old bull,
And tear up his legs in a terrible way,
Compel him to travel, to just prance away.

She lived independent and was nobody's sow,
Around her her people is all she'd allow;
When each brood of children grew up to be shoats,
She pushed them from shore without any boats.

She kept the whole country disturbed and in fear,
Lest she might waylay their children so dear,
Or that some woman might look on that swine,
And faint and fall over and get out of line.

When neighborly women went out for a talk,
When young men with sweethearts went out for
a walk,
No theme could they handle that seemed to
please all,
As that ranting old black sow so mean and so tall.

The sweet little children looked, watched for
that sow,
Silvered old farmers watched both stern and prow;
Strangers when cautioned would peer all around,
And start in a fright at any rough sound.

The neighbor men gathered one cold rainy day,
And passed resolutions they'd send her away,
For many a fine brute she crippled and tore,
And many good beasts returned nevermore.

They gathered the dogs of the neighborhood in,
And then there was yelling—a horrible din,
They raced her and chased her, and hollowed and
swore,
And tore through the woods with a mighty uproar.

Then came from the prairies with banners unfurled,
With music and cannon they practiced and
whirled,
And joined the sow army and helped in the race,
Until the whole country turned blue in the face.

The housetops were weighted with women and
girls,
Who watched the great army in its mighty whirls,
And forests were loaded with boys in their boughs,
Who grunted and snorted like thousands of sows.

An amry of thousands was holwing around,
No mortal e'er heard such an unearthly sound,
They trampled old earth until it was bare.
Each wanted a relic, a bunch of black hair.

She moved in great circles and plowed up the
ground.

Now and then tore up a bawling old hound;
Loudly she snorted with tail high in air,
With mouth stretched wide open and teeth full
of hair.

A long dreary fortnight they chased that old hog,
O'er farmlet and valley, through woodland and bog,
Until the whole people was houndless and mad,
And racers and chasers looked gloomy and bad;

Then theorized, planned, and discussed o'er
and o'er,

Unraveled and raveled from center to core;
With sleeves rolled to shoulders, with axes and
spades,

They dug yawning pitfalls and built barricades.

A regiment was picked on who gave the best yells,
To run her and round her with toot horns and
bells.

The rest of the thousands found places and hid,
From the stalwart old hunter, to little male kid.

They then went to grabbing, and each got some
hair,

Until the old sow was entirely bare;
Not even a hair on her body was left,
Not even a place on her tough hide was cleft.

She thought it all over and wisely concluded,
"Bleak winter is coming and I've been denuded,
As nothing is binding in nature or law,
I'll move out by moonlight for old Arkansaw."

Her snout was her compass, her tail was her helm.
As swiftly she trotted toward her new realm,
Undaunted, unhaltered, by wild beast or mire,
With ears standing upright, and eyes full of fire.

The panthers bowed low and gave full right of way,
Old bruin looked sullen, had nothing to say;
Each small fighting felis took to a near tree,
And let her pass onward entirely free.

She stopped in a country filled full of good things;
Oft sits on her haunches and merrily sings;
Selected a dwelling—admirable hut—
A large aged elm spread out at the butt.

Ah! now she is happy, well pleased with her lot,
With acorns and roots, at the top of the pot;
Her hair n'er grew out, she is naked and bare
As the palm of my hand which shows not a hair.

In Big Bend they'r lonely, they seem to be lost;
On one only query they seem to be tossed.
Ah! this is the question that's raging till now:
"Have you seen anything of the naked old sow?"

They imported bloodhounds, and smelt o'er the
land;
Held meetings, had music from Cooked Creek's
band;
They searched through the woodland, o'er valley
and lea,
The opossum tailed bare sow ne'er did they see.

When neighbor met hunter, they asked with sad
brow,
"Have you seen in your huntings, the hairless old
sow?"

Small children sought strangers, "Please tell us
right now,
Did you see coming over the wicked old sow?"

Ye statesmen, sweet singers, and noted great
rhymers;

Ye farmers, inventors, droll punsters, old timers,
In closing my story, this question allow:

“Have you seen in your rambles that Arkansaw
Sow?”



FAREWELL.

An hour's time, you I will tell,
Perchance, a long, a last farewell.
Our love is sweet when we first part,
But time and space make cold the heart,

And then our weary eyes will shed,
Grieved tears o'er our love that's dead;
Dead as a lasting unity,
Dead as to what it ought to be.

The spark that kindles in a flame,
My soul asks will it stay the same,
May it not droop and fade away,
That burns so sweetly this fair day.

My heart throbs with a brother's love,
The tie that binds is from above,
So sweet, so near, so good, I know,
You'll not forget me when you go,
Out in the world, in a new life,
A helpmate, partner, matron, wife;
O, will a mote in your heart burn,
You cannot stifle, cannot spurn.

How cruel that the things that be,
Hath placed us on life's stormy sea,
To battle with the foam-capped waves,
And be forgetful to our graves.

True marriages are made above.
Their seal is unabated love.
If we depend on earthly things,
Our happiness will soon take wings;

I feel that Heaven has had a voice,
In giving you a noble choice.

When love is bartered, auctioned, sold,
For place, or rank, or lust, or gold.
All happiness is left behind,
We hang on fate's wheels but to grind.
We may have trains of pretty days,
Yet all our life is but a maze;
We may rise high in rank or state,
Yet years will on us harshly grate.

The clouds that bury all our hopes,
Will hang around like hangmen's ropes,
So dreadful for to look upon,
And blur the brightness of life's sun,
And only set when we are done.
When we wind up our pilgrimage,
And leave our troubles with the age.

Dear sister, in this world of care,
The sailing's good with weather fair,
But fogs, and mists, will hover o'er,
As in all time that's gone before,
But keep your lamps all trimmed to burn,
Bread cast on waters will return.

The thorns will gather in our way,
Our flowers wither, blast, decay,
And you, my dear, will shortly fade;
Not long your life-bloom will parade,
A lovely face, a noble form,
And you will sink amidst the storm;
I'll wither on the stalk away,
And join the elements in clay.



THE PRINCE OF BUGS.

There is a bug, all know his name,
In every clime he is the same;
He crawls around in dead of night,
Is always hunting for a bite;
He wears a spear right on his nose,
And trots around under the clothes.

Where many live, they fight and jaw,
And whoop and yell with loud hurrah,
Dance all around, tickle the feet,
And laugh and giggle when they meet;
Run races up the spine and pant,
And o'er dull careworn faces rant.

They sleep of days, they hate the light,
And save their strength to roam at night;
They seem to have great fear of death,
And run till they get out of breath,
Scamper and dodge and go pell mell,
But never lose their sickening smell.
When danger moves along their way,
They hide to bite some other day.

Where thousands are there is no sleep,
Their vile attacks they oft repeat,
Then flank and come up in the rear,
Charge bayonets, ah! then a tear
Crawls out the sleepless tired eye,
And then the victim gives a sigh,
Groans loudly, scratches, rolls about,
Curses the brutes and yells right out.

Of all the bugs he is the prince,
We'll name him now, and call him CHINTZ.

FARM HOME.

Call the horses, John, now stir;
Martha, wake up Lou and Kate;
The cows are restless, getting late;
Bars are falling. "Quope! Quope! Quope!"

The horses up each in his stall,
The girls are out among the cows,
And they are having boisterous rows,
"So, Pide! so, Pide! so——o———o! so!"

I hear the horses chewing corn;
I hear the warm milk pouring in,
The wide-mouthed buckets made of tin;
With now and then a louder "So."

Off from the crib the father goes,
With basket filled with yellow corn,
Deprived of husks all nicely shorn,
And then with husky voice, "Pig-e!"

The yellow semicircles fall;
The large fat hogs start on their rounds,
Are shaking off their dusty gowns,
With now and then a sudden squeal.

The wife or matron moves the pots,
Then presently is heard by all,
The pleasant anxious breakfast call,
To a table large, well stored.

The largewashpans begin to ring,
Washing, drying, fixing hair,
Men and buxom ladies fair,
Move to their places 'round the board.

All bow their heads in reverence;
None smile or play their wily pranks,
While father offers up his thanks,
To God, the giver of all good.

Are handed coffee, tea, and milk;
Table ware moves to and fro;
All are chatting, eating slow,
One by one they rise, depart.

Dudish roosters strut around;
The hens are cackling in the mows;
Are turned to pasture all the cows,
And gears are rattling toward the field.

All are busy at their work;
Spring fruit is going in the cans;
While dishes rustle in the pans,
Sweet gusts of laughter spice the din.

The chatting of the guinea fowl;
The calling of the turkey hen;
Thumping, thump on organ, then
A song is breathed upon the air.

The beds are shook and beat about,
The covers are all neatly spread.
And pillows placed up at the head,
In all the rooms above, below.

With broom in hand, moving chairs,
And swinging of the many doors,
Sweeping, cleaning all the floors,
Then dusting and the work is done.

I hear the singing of wild birds;
The leaves of bloom like snow flakes ride,
Are coming down on every side,
Gem setting off the green.

Out o'er the verdure may be seen,
An ocean long of dew drop stars,
Shooting forth their silver bars,
And streams of sparkling threads.

Green grass is springing from the earth,
Many nestling pretty flowers,
Beautified by mellow shows,
Bow and sweeten wavelet air.

The girls are sweeping in the yard,
Singing, moving all the while,
Working up an earthen pile,
Ornamenting with sea shells.

I hear a buzz, sweet sound to me;
Ah! 'tis the old time spinning wheel,
It wings me back and makes me feel,
The feelings of the long ago.

I love a home with heart and song;
Home is the hub on which we turn,
There let affection spring and burn;
Sweet Home! Sweet Home! SWEET HOME!



SHORTY'S STORY OF HIS WEDDING TOUR.

I am not going to give bond in a thousand or two for Shorty's stories, although I will give them verbatim.

"Well, Ned, I'll tell you, when I was married what I did and where Kit and I went. We jumped on the cars at Dog Bend station. Kit is limber and so am I; when I say jumped, I mean what I say; Kit did actually leap on the platform of the cars; I followed. We determined to go to Oconee, for I had always heard that it was a resort for people who wanted to travel; I had just \$5.15, and about thirty miles to go. As we sat in the cars, in our best clothes, everybody was looking at us; I am sure they said to themselves, 'there is a bride and groom,' and they were not mistaken, for we were the lovinest couple that ever traveled on this side of Prince Edwards Island. We hugged each other

like young bears, and kissed at a very low estimate four or five hundred times; you may think that I exaggerate, but Kit will swear to it. Kit is a woman's rights woman; she knows it is true; she has a large Roman nose—romantic. There was nothing going on worth mentioning except the conduct—punching tickets and pushing the loose change down in his pockets. He wore many smiles when he came to us, and seemed to want to say something, but he didn't.

We landed in that ancient city of no thousand inhabitants, put up at Snobble's Hotel and passed the hours as new married people do. After while Mrs. Snobbles notified us that supper was ready. We sat down at the table by ourselves. Ah! the scene that then followed. There was a checkered cover on the table, laid off just like a checker-board (beautiful large blocks) and we both have a liking for the game.

"Shorty, let's have a game," said Kit.

"Alright," said I.

I made the first move and with my cup of coffee jumped the meat dish. Kit jumped a dish of prunes with a plate of biscuits. I jumped the rice

with a dish of cabbage and spilled a pint of juice. Kit took up the meat dish and jumped my bowl of soup, and spilled nearly all the gravy. I then made a long jump with my bowl of soup, over a custard-pie and a dish of preserves. Kit jumped the butter with the prunes and left a red line of syrup two feet long. I jumped the potatoes with the butter. Kit took hold of the coffee boiler and made five jumps, from one side of the table to the other, and landed; the last one was over a large jelly-cake, and let the boiler fall, knocking everything down in its course. About a quart of its hot contents poured down on my limbs. I jumped up and down until I had the table on its back; the dishes smashed, rattled and rolled over the floor. The meat, rice, hominy, sugar, custard-pies, beef-soup, etc., were lying around in a heterogeneous mass; and Kit had staggered and rolled over to the northwest corner of the room, kicking up her heels and hollowing, "Save the pieces."

The landlady came rushing in with loud exclamations. "Heavens and earth! the Virgin Mary! Tim O' Flanagan! the Holy St. Peter!" And ran at me with the fire shovel to pound off my head. I

jumped out through an open window and ran for the woods; Kit, in great fright, jumped through another and followed.

The lord set sail after me,
The lady after Kit;
The fact is I was forced to tree,
And Kitty had a fit.

They bayed me as hounds do a coon, and hurled a few epithets, anantheas and well rounded swear words at me, and looked sideways at Kit, who was lying on her back with her mouth wide open.

I used soft words, and reasoned—told them I was worth about \$12,000, and settled by giving my note for \$25.00, due one week after death, but read it one week after date.

Kit told me, confidently, that she was acting the opossum.

I never paid that note."



THE HERMIT.

In Italy a Hermit lived,
He lived upon a mountain side,
Not far below a green divide.

He owned a white-eared yellow
dog;
A little cabin home he built,
And patched it like a crazy-quilt.

He loved the mountain scenes
and lived
Alone within his mountain park,
As happy as a meadow lark.

His eyes were crossed, his hair
was long,
He hummed a queer and ancient
song,
That had no ups, no downs, no
prong.

With implements a few he made
A path he called his mountain
slide,
That he of days and nights might
ride.

Near all the exercise he took,
On his red sled so firm astride,
Was sliding down his mountain
slide,

Or fishing in a narrow brook,
A little distance to one side,
Where ne'er a fish e'er lived or
died,

He talked in Spanish to himself,
And lived on fruits dried and un-
dried,
And buckwheat pancakes flatly
fried,

For many years that poor old soul,
Defied the world and all beside,
And then gave up the ghost, and
died,

That yellow dog with snow-white
ears,
Howled and re-howled for two
long years,
Then sank in death in sighs and
tears.

THE FAIRY WEDDING.

Within an oval moundlet,
Close to a meadow green,
There lived a handsome fairy—
A little elfin queen.

She was a dazzling fairy queen,
And sparkling was her wear;
Her dress was set with topaz,
And wove of silver hair,

A string of sapphires 'round her
neck,
Pale blue but clear as snow;
A brilliant ruby from each wing,
Vibrating to and fro.

A ringlet made of emeralds,
That circled 'round her waist;
A modest queenly queen was she,
So innocent and chaste.

She wore a tiny bonnet,
Made of fine threads of gold;
She also had a sonnet,
She breathed aloud quite bold.

Her cheeks were like the peach
bloom,
That smile where'er they blow;

Her teeth were each a pearl set,
Her eyes a dreamy glow,

And of the sweetest sky blue,
Shaded by auburn brow;
Eyelashes tinged with violet,
No language can tell how.

In summer days her company,
Was humming birds so rare,
From tropic lands so beautiful,
Bright jewels of the air.

At night a swarm of fire-flies,
Recircled 'round her throne,
And then the pretty fairy queen,
Was left to muse alone.

One day a handsome fairy king,
From a far fairy land,
Came on to see the fairy queen,
And offer her his hand.

She told the king so lovingly,
She loved him from first sight,
And she would very willingly,
Wed him the coming night.

The night came on, a mighty host,
From all the fairy lands,

All gayly dressed in brilliant robes
With presents in their hands,

Encircled 'round that little
mound,

And lit upon the green,
And did great honors to the king,
And to the lovely queen.

A finely dressed, long honored
sage,

Said ceremony o'er,
Then like a flash he disappeared,
Was seen or heard no more.

The jubilee began, went on,
Until the clock struck four,
And kept the heavens ringing,
With fairy-land's sweet lore.

The hosts of fairies all went home,
The king and queen their store,
They loaded on a fairy ship,
And left this mundane shore.

The moundlet now is wrapt in
gloom,

The jewels of the air,
Have gone down south, the fire-
flies,
Are now in dire despair.

A TALK WITH UNCLE SAM

Now, Uucle Sam, let's talk awhile,
The greatest thing that's now on file,
Are those fair Isles away down south,
The finest that are talked by mouth;
The Dewey land, the Merritt Isles,
Are worth a thousand golden piles.
Give back to Spain the Philippines!
Give back her trees, her fruits, her vines!
Give back and let her plant her woe!
Brave Dewey's guns said, no! no! no!

Now Uncle, what about our boys,
That left their own and sweet home joys?
Their blood they shed, what for, what for?
And shared the fate of cruel war.
Let's sum up now without recoil,
And not up an inch of soil.
Just think a moment on the Maine,
Of our loss of brawn and brain.
Great Sampson's cannon answered, no!
And Shafter's thundered, Spain must go.

Now Uncle, don't you think it right,
To hold and keep all with our might,
That we have won with blood and sword?
No, Uncle, we can not afford,
To let those Isles go back to Spain;
Ah! it would be on us a stain,
'Twould give our patriot hearts great pain;
Old Glory waves on high refrain,
Yes, let her always float above,
And keep those Isles for God and love.

Millions of money is the cost,
Our time and energy are lost;
It's true our veins have flowed no flood,
It is enough, we've shed our blood.
Let talk our graves on sea and land;
Let's take a humane, God-like stand.
All o'er those Isles each native heart,
Tells all the world Spain must depart;
Just tell old Spain that she must pass:
Let love and charity say YES!

King William's talking loud and long,
He'd like to sing his little song;
Is using diplomatic spice,
To get a large, well buttered slice;
But we will keep high up in place,

Backed by the Anglo-Saxon race,
Old Glory; let her waving be
A signal sign of liberty;
And as she blends with skies above,
Let Filipinos learn to love.

Dear Uncle Sam, the task is great,
You wield with power the helm of State;
Hold fast to every claim on file,
Each drop of blood is worth an isle.
Progression, heart, humanity,
And natives asking to be free;
Let not a cog in the great wheel,
Go back upon the world's appeal;
But let the outcome of this strife,
Be for those Isles a better life.

And when all things are rounded up,
And Cuba's passed the bitter cup,
And Porto Rico's vine clad hills,
Have cast aside Spain's bitter pills,
Then all over the Philippines,
Be better days and brighter scenes,
And Spain be banished from her shores,
And freedom blend and grow her stores;
Oh! may they get a true divorce,
And on, and upward be their course.

THE HONEYMOON.

The honeymoon, O what a boon
To lovers here below;
So fair a sight, both day and night,
They sweetest love bestow.

The honeymoon is gone too soon
To many here below;
They soon seem old, their love
turns cold,
As they each other know.

The honeymoon comes none too
soon
To many here below;
They still stay warm in every
storm,
As years come on and go.

The honeymoon, the silver spoon,
Are often but a show;
They both turn smart, and get
apart,
As all good people know.

The honeymoon, at life's high
noon,
Is often just the same;
At eventide, they're side by side,
In heart and soul and name.

A happy life, for man and wife,
Who journey hand in hand;
Their place awaits beyond the
gates,
In the fair happy land.



THE LEANLY FAMILY.

Between two mounts in the Ozarks,
Among a group of mountain parks,
There lived a noted family,
A hairless people all agree.

They moved in there in forty one,
And then and there they first begun;
They built a cabin, cleared a patch,
And there their hens began to scratch.

And there fine corn began to grow,
And there their cocks began to crow;
Lambs in the thicket learned to bleat,
And ducks and geese began to mate.

The lettuce in the garden grew,
And radishes quite long and blue;
Peas, onions, cabbage, melons, beets,
In growing showed some wondrous feats.

Out in the bush the old cow bawled;
Out in the woods the turkeys called;
There nightly Watch was heard to howl,
And nightly hooting of the owl.

And many other sounds and scenes,
Were added to their early means;
And then a lengthy boy was born,
Without a hair, all shaved and shorn.

Old time went on, and on, and then
A girl came to them, long and thin;
As long as brother, lean but fair,
And like him came without a hair.

They grew to man and womanhood,
While living in that lonely wood.
Their neighbors came and stood and stared,
And asked why they had never haired.

The old man said, "I'm six feet four,
I turn the scales in pounds four-score,
And Mrs. Leanly's six feet tall,
And weighs but fifty clothes and all.

We've lived along and been well fed,
And each has an old hairless head;
No brows or lashes ever grew,
To us 'tis old, to you 'tis new.

My Pinder is a graceful boy,
His mother's pride, his father's joy;
He is in length just six feet eight,
And weighs but ninety, very straight.

Tassel, on whom we all doth dote,
Sings sonnets from a cultured throat;
And weighs but sixty, six feet high,
With eyes as blue and soft as sky.

To sum all up, we are all bald,
As clean as if we'd had a scald;
Yet in these wilds we are all free,
As happy as you ever see.

'Tis not the panoply of wealth,
'Tis not the active blood of health,
That makes us happy; not the bowl;
But all is blooming from the soul."



THE EAVESDROPPER

Oh! Powers unseen, do furnish a stopper,
To stop up the ears of the sly eavesdropper,
Who stand and listen and listen and pry,
With curious expression of countenance and eye.

The meanest of all the contemptably mean,
The meanest biped I have ever seen;
Oh! Powers unseen, do furnish a stopper,
To stop up the ears of the sly eavesdropper.

Who hang around at the cracks in the door,
Or lie stretched out with ears to the floor;
For raising lie crops he is a sure cropper;
Do stop up the ears of the tattling eavesdropper.

He catches a little, and builds up the rest,
Like a long legged pelican building its nest;
A virulent sneak; O, give us a stopper,
To stop up the ears of the meddling eavesdropper.

Hid in a closet, or up in a garret,
Crawling a round like a hungry old ferret,
Peeping and listening; a club's the best stopper,
For the meddlesome, tattling, trifling eaves-
dropper.

PETER HAGLE.

Peter was an honest youth,
And he always told the truth;
An aunt left him a small estate,
That warped his mind, and shaped his fate.
He learned to stay out late at night,
Playing cards, and getting tight;
Then he married Sallie Rand,
Good hearted, kind, and always bland.
Peter was so tired born,
And he slept quite late each morn;
He lost an eye in a street fight,
The other one was black and bright;
He opened up his only eye,
When the sun was in the sky,
Slowly rose up out of bed,
Slowly rubbed, and scatched his head;
Then he slipped into his clothes.
Looking tired and morose.
Day by day his money went,
Yet he seemed the while content;
Seeming in the best of cheer,
Drinking whiskey, drinking beer;

At last his sky became o'er cast,
His little money couldn't last.
Lost in gaming, treating friends,
Lost in little odds and ends,
Lending money to his chums,
Hanging 'round the lowest slums.

At last came on the final stroke,
And he to his misfortune woke.
When he drew his final check,
Then went down a total wreck;
Lastly sank in dread despair,
Sick in bed in Sallie's care;
Broke in spirit, friendless he,
Looking in eternity.
For days and weeks, grew short his breath,
And then sank motionless in death.

Let all young men a warning take,
And shun the bite of the copper snake;
Or if you want to steer on clear,
Shun the bland smiles of LAGER BEER.



GOOD BOOKS

Good books are worth their weight in gold,
The paths the authors make so plain,
Will help to shape up and to mould
The heart, and stimulate the brain,
To nobler life, and point the way
Where reigns in bliss eternal day.

If but one thought is made to grow,
And change our course to better life,
'Tis better far that truth to know,
In going through this world of strife.
'Tis little things that make the whole;
'Tis noble truths that shape the soul.

A mote implanted in the eye,
May cause for years unceasing pain;
A glorious thought with motives high,
May make an error very plain.
That thought may lead and plainly show,
A noble life the way to go.

THOUGHTS.

Thoughts are rushing through
my mind,
To and fro and ev'ry where;
Seldom are they of a kind,
Moving upward through the air,
Shooting out to distant isles,
Flashing out to earthen piles,
Mountain ranges mounting
high,
Bathing in the sun-lit sky.

Then they ride the milky-way.
Onward, wand'ring out
through space,
Following a meteor gay,
Streaking up blue heaven's face,
Straining on a distant chase,
Farther in their lonely race,
Following a long tailed star,
Doubling distances by far.

Diamond minds in golden sets,
Focus thoughts to flowers rare,
Set in poetry, SWEET PETS,
Loved and cherished every-
where;
Sparkling like the morning
dew,
Bringing out in plain review,
Lighting up our mysteries,
Hidden truths of lands and seas.

Burnished thoughts from gilded
minds,
Dress and beautify the world—
Unfurl their hidden things, their
finds,
Then their new banners are
unfurled.
From mysteries to things in
view,
The old is changing to the new;
From the great depths of
human thought,
Great seeming miracles are
wrought.

We pass the centers marked
 with war,
 The world goes on and studies
 hard;
The pen moves on in learned lore,
 Is moved to action ev'ry bard;
 The masses follow, are
 sincere,
 The grander truths they more
 revere;
 New sentiments of warp and
 woof
 Stand boldly out above reproof.

A mind is but a little mite,
 Now in the mighty world of
 mind;
The weight is on the side of right,
 Although there's power with
 the blind;
 Yet the incline is on and up,
 The time is near when we will
 sup,
 Another higher, nobler bowl,
 To satisfy the heart and soul.

Through friction transformation's wrought,
By pioneers though very few;
A thought reveals another
thought;
Ah! Is there anything that's
new?
Followers from far and near,
Gather when the way is clear;
Multitudes take up the shout,
When is blazed the new laid
route.

Soon we will have a higher plane,
Other spheres will then be ours;
Trains of thought more high and
sane,
Nearer to the higher powers;
Then will be an era great,
Softening the laws of state;
Nations then will nearer live,
Be forgiven, and forgive.



THE HOG STORY.

A prosperous farmer by the name of William Duncan, in Franklin Co., Illinois, in the year 1894, had a large number of hogs, and failed to raise a good crop of corn. He offered to let them out to fatten on the shares. The bottom farmers near by early in the fall accepted his offer, and took them home in parcels.

Later when he had but a few left, Gabe Durban, a trifling, good for nothing fellow, who lived about four miles away, went over to Mr. Duncan's and told him he had understood that he was letting out hogs on shares.

"Yes," said Mr. Duncan, "I have a few left; There are two you can have, (pointing) nearly the same size; when you kill, bring me either, and I will be satisfied. I will leave it all to you.

"That's a deal," said Durban, "I am to be the judge, and when I think they will do to kill, you will get your hog;" and home he went.

The next morning he made a fire, heated water, butchered and took Mr. Duncan his hog, which was accepted with a curious smile.

LIEUT. S. A. McKNIGHT.

(This poem was written in memory of Lieutenant S. A. McKNIGHT, of the 9th Ill., who was run over and killed by a train of cars Feb. 23, 1899, in Cuba, near Havana.)

Sleeping 'neath a little mound,

Sleeping 'neath the cold, cold ground;

Shut up in a darksome grave,

He cannot hear the waters lave—

He cannot hear the the wild birds sing,

That move about on wanton wing.

Ah! just a little while ago

He saw the pretty carpet snow;

He saw the pretty flowers sweet,

Bending in zephyrs at his feet;

He heard the lovely mocking-bird

Sing sweetest songs that man e'er heard.

He went forth at his country's call;

He left his friends, yet that's not all—

He left his other sweeter ties
To serve 'neath warmer tropic skys;
He took a noble, God-like stand
To serve his own, his native land.

He went out with the true, the brave,
But now he sleeps in a cold grave;
No more to hear the bugle sound,
No more to go on nightly round;
No more to hear his regiment's band
Play pieces of his native land.

Now rest in peace, brave noble boy,
Where storms of life will not annoy—
When the celestial morning brake,
Then only will you surely wake;
Join hands with comrades gone before,
Sing sweeter praises evermore.



DIG YOUR OWN POTATOES.

Down in Pope county lives Jerry Goudy, a close-fisted fellow, who owns a large farm. Peter Bunch lives near by in a cabin.

Goudy met Peter, and hired him to dig potatoes. The deal was closed, and no limit to the time Peter was to work. Two bushels of potatoes was agreed upon for a day's earnings.

Peter went over to Mr. Goudy's potato patch, worked hard all day, and only dug a bushel; he put them in a bag and started home; he stopped at Mr. Goudy's residence, and left word with the landlady for Mr. Goudy to dig the other bushel due him, and bring them over at his earliest convenience.

DREAMING

It was a custom among the indians and the white people in Michigan a long time ago, who

lived neighbors to humor their inclinations to dream. If a yankee woman dreamed that an Indian woman gave her a ham of venison, she went over and told her, and got the ham; and if an Indian woman dreamed that a white woman gave her a pound of coffee, she went over, related her dream, and took the coffee home. And many other things were passed by the currency then in use (dreams.) The dreaming went along among the women for quite awhile, then the men went to dreaming, and almost every day commodities exchanged hands, on dreams.

The old chief who owned 6000 acres of fine land had a dream, and related it to a farmer with a drove of fine horses.

"Sir," said he, "I dreamed you gave me your finest horse."

"Alright," said the white man, "go and get Barney; he is my best, and worth \$500, in spot cash."

The chief was well pleased, and took Barney home with him. The white man had a dream that night, and went over and related it to the chief.

"Noble chief, I dreamed last night that you gave me a thousand acres of your best land."

"Huh! huh! huh!" grunted the chief, "you shall have it; but it must be understood from now on that there is to be no more dreaming."

POEMS ANECDOTES AND STORIES.

BRITISH-BOER WAR.

Mighty Britain's out for conquest,
Sailing now for Afric's shores,
A covetous and anxious moving
To take the property of Boers.

Blest Republic's rich and thriving,
Standing out away from sea;
Moving to a higher station,
Prosperous to high degree.

Shame! Oh shame! Oh mighty
Britain!

Stooping down to bring distress
To a baby people striving,
Better fondle and caress.

It pains our hearts to see your
poets,

Blustering with brag and boast;
Ah! we see a diamond shining,
'Way down on old Afric's coast.

Kipling's keeping up his wailing,
Shaking up old earth and sky;
Swinburn's in a ghost-dance
sailing,
In an overladen cry.

Your poet laureate is boiling,
O'er with ditties, song and
verse;
"Kill the Boers!" (a freeborn
people.)
"Stamp upon their heads a
curse."

The root of all is gold and dia-
monds;
God blest old Afric's sunny
land.
'Tis easy to do right and settle,
Little wrongs with heart and
hand.

Oh! 'tis appauling, seas of crim-
son,
Anglo-Saxon blood will flow;
"What for? What for?" the world
is asking;
They will reap that which they
sow.

Nothing better was expected,
In the ages long ago;
Can we bow and ponder, seeing
Deepest sorrow, darkest woe?

Noble Britain's lost her balance,
Given o'er to gold and stones,
Drawing wealth from other na-
tions,
Breaking free lands, building
thrones.

Overbalanced now with conquest,
Lost her mighty balance-wheel;
Like a drunkard in first stages,
Starting out to prate and reel.

Pioneer, Oh! Anglo-Saxon;
Brightest lights of ages past!
Go back to the old foundation;
Or your progress cannot last.

Only think of what you're doing,
Desolating homes and states,
Or God, the mighty king of Heav-
en,
Will destroy your armored
gates.

Go back to your moral balance,
Covered up with massive wealth;
Then, and not till then, you'll
anchor,
Safely on the shores of health;

Health as fitted for a nation,
When congestion disappears;
Wealth to fill the world with
gladness,
Health and wealth to dry up
tears.

..Index..

—x—

	PAGE.
Call of the Muse	1
Answer of the Muse	2
The Cyclone	5
The Arkansaw Sow	9
Farewell	15
The Prince of Bugs	18
Farm Home	20
Shorty's Story of His Wedding Tour	24
The Hermit	28
The Fairy Wedding	30
A Talk With Uncle Sam	33
The Honeymoon	36
The Leanly Family	38
The Eavesdropper	41
Peter Hagle	42
Good Books	44
Thoughts	45
The Hog Story	49
Lieut. S. A. McKnight	50
Dig Your Own Potatoes	52
Dreaming	52
British-Boer War	54

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 897 135 5